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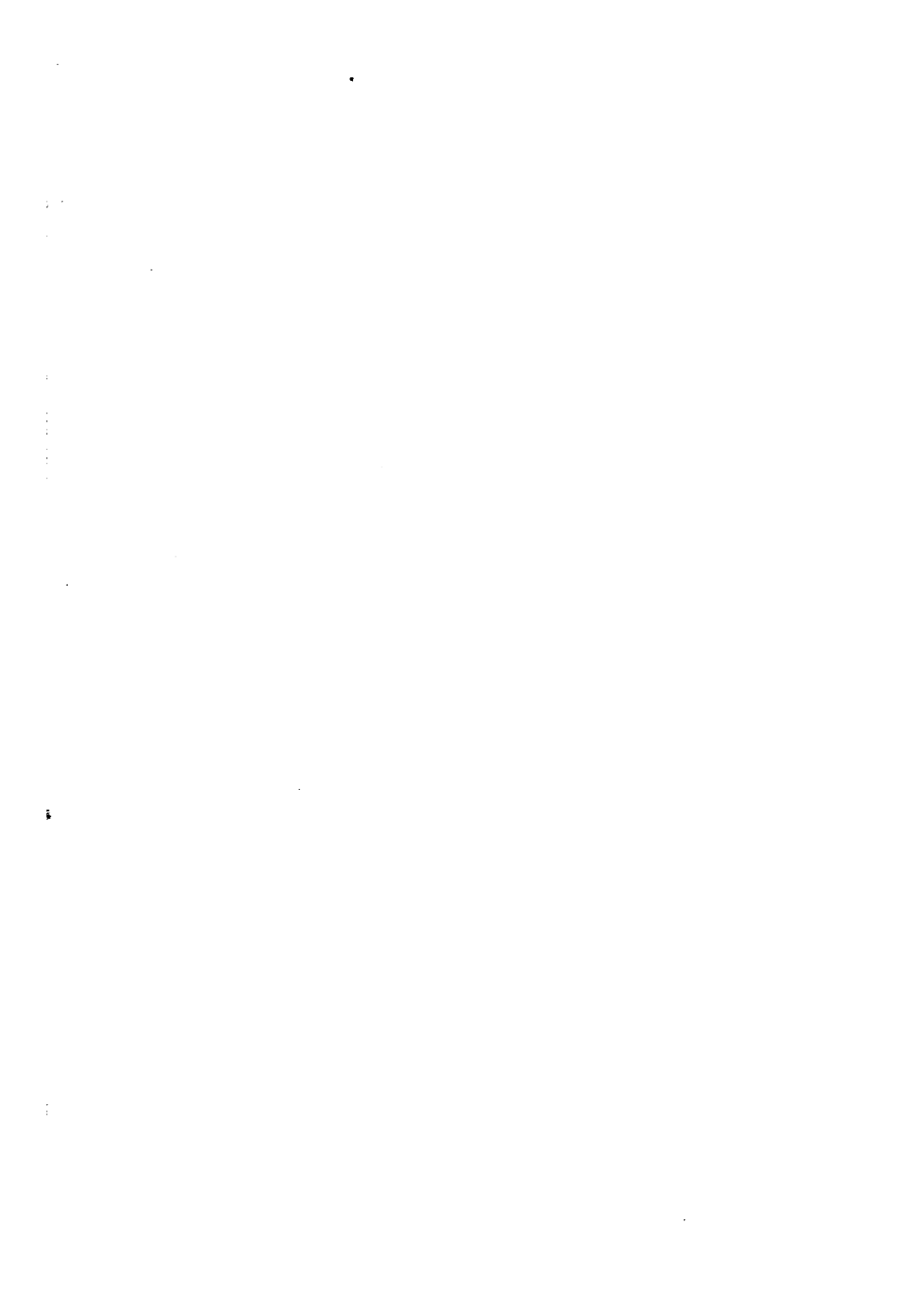
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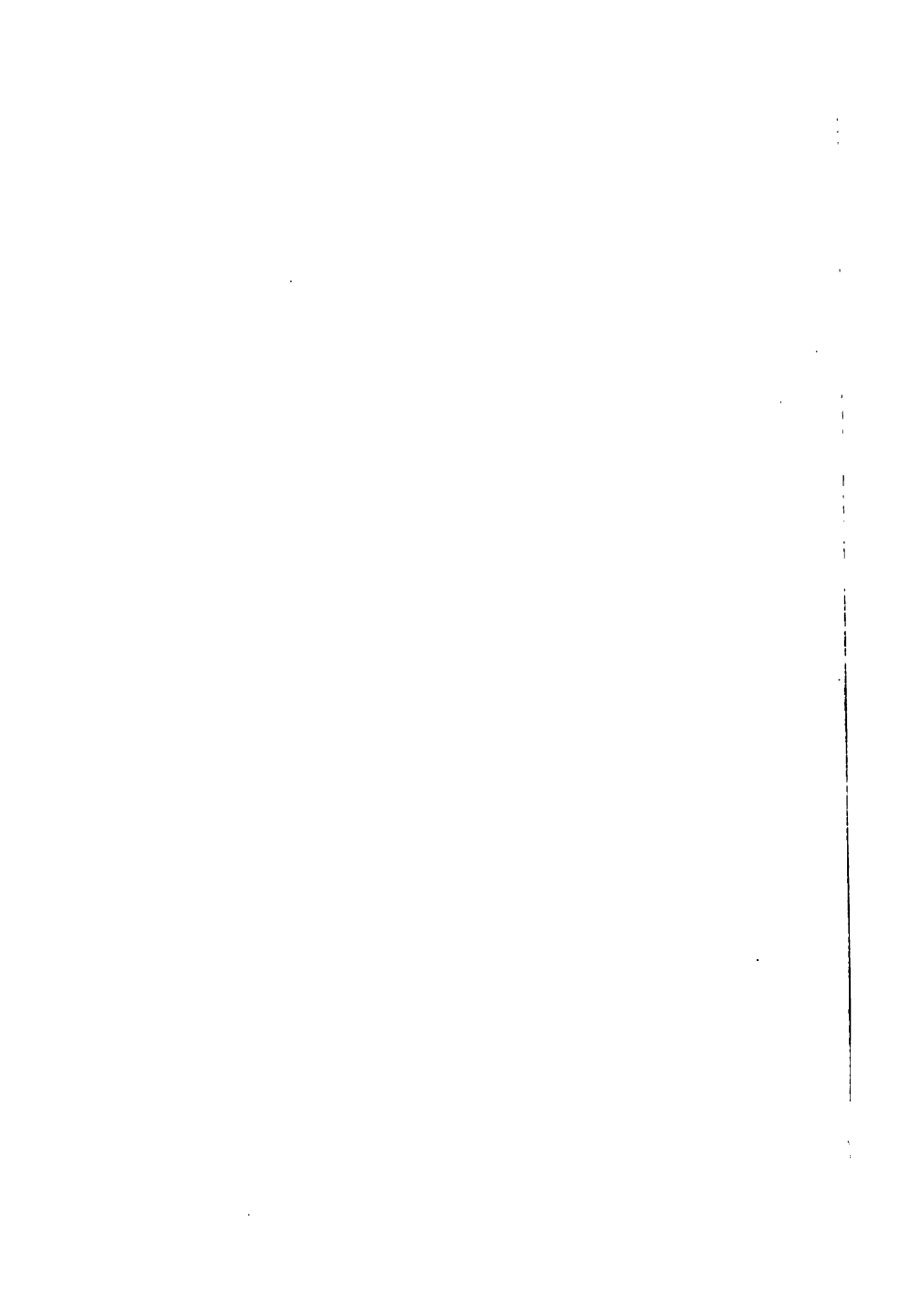
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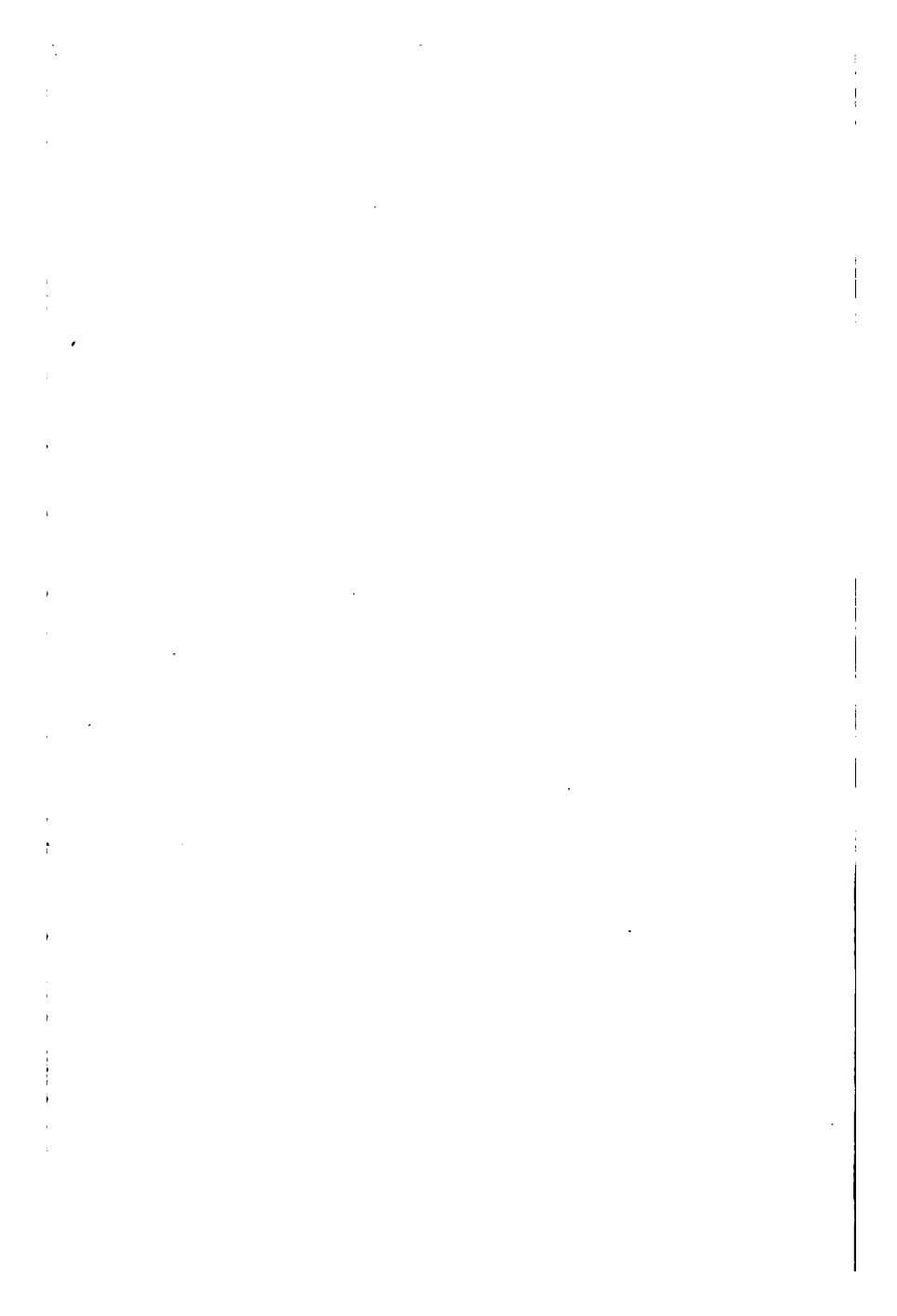
With the affection and honor of
N. E. Snader.

Christmas, 1896.





HYMNS AND SONNETS



HYMNS AND SONNETS

BY
ELIZA SCUDDER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1896

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THE SISTERS

“ And then I thought how thou hadst been to me
Even as this flower. . . .

Heaven help my heart
When the flower withers and thy steps depart.”

ELIZA SCUDDER : *The Laburnum*.

FROM dim, mysterious forest depths they came
Where dwells the mighty Mother ; whom from
birth
They worshipped, till they felt her beauty's worth
In every wayside flower, and shared the same,
Sweet secret of a Soul whose gentle frame
Was flowerlike ; and, where'er they walked on
earth,
Bright loves and sympathies sprang blooming
forth ;
Which Time ne'er withered with his wasting
flame.

And still about their way the gathering band
Of tender friendships ever fairer grew ;
Till, yet unparted, with unfailing powers,
They passed, together, through the woodland
 bowers,
Where every fragrant blossom blooms anew,
Back through the forest roaming hand in hand.

WILLIAM PAGE ANDREWS.

CAPRI, 4 November, 1896.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS edition of *Hymns and Sonnets* is a reprint of the volume published in 1880, with two further poems written and printed since that date. It may cause some surprise to those who knew the author, that so thin a book should contain the harvest of so rich a nature, and it is not quite easy for those who knew her best to account to themselves for the infrequency with which Miss Scudder wrote. She was so generous in conversation and letters, and had so many hours of enforced quiet that it would seem natural for her to have used verse as an outlet for her overflowing spirit. Yet fifty years lie between the first and the last poem in this volume, and though the collection in the first instance was the result of some sifting, there is no reason to suppose that the entire amount of the writer's verse was much greater. Moreover there could have been no

discouragement from lack of recognition. It is doubtful if the history of hymnody would show of any other writer so large a number of hymns in general use in proportion to the number written.

Perhaps one explanation may be found in the profound feeling she had for the mystery of religion, which checked the impulse to use as a theme for artistic handling what she cared for most. Had the art of poetry compelled her, it might have been touched and deepened by her religious feeling, but, though she began to write when she was young, she rather chose poetic expression than was possessed by it. With her affectionate nature and her love of companionship she readily found expression for her thought and feeling in matters of common experience ; it was the travail of her soul struggling for freedom which drew from her the effort to put into the larger form of poetry the successive spiritual triumphs. Some intimation of her inner history may be drawn from a brief statement of her outwardly uneventful life.

Eliza Scudder was born 14 November, 1821. She was the daughter of Eliza [Bacon] and Elisha Gage Scudder; her parents were both from Barnstable on Cape Cod, a town which always had more of the restful virtue of home in her changing life than any other place. Her father was a merchant in Boston and died when she was but an infant. Her mother lived till 1869. Her sister Rebecca, three years her senior, married, in 1845, Mr. Samuel Page Andrews, living first in Framingham, Massachusetts, and afterward in Salem, where Mr. Andrews was for many years clerk of the municipal court. Salem became thus one of Miss Scudder's homes. The exquisite beauty of the older sister seemed to deepen the affection of the younger, and her presence satisfied the love of beauty in face and character which was a ruling passion with Eliza Scudder. There was a long period, too, in the younger sister's girlhood when she suffered from an affection of the eyes which never was wholly relieved, so that she went through life, looking at everything with that eager glance which her

friends remember so well, yet almost wholly cut off for long stretches of time from reading or from looking on the paper when she wrote. During this early period the companionship of her sister was the supreme solace of her days. Something of the deep feeling she had for her has stolen into the verses, *The Laburnum*, which keeps its place as a dedicatory poem.

Endowed with a religious nature, she early listened to the appeal which the church life about her made to her conscience, and was received a member of the Trinitarian division of the Congregational order. But as her mind matured she found herself compelled to reëxamine the foundations of religious belief, and as a result she dissented from the formulas of Calvinism. She was drawn also by her sympathy with the antislavery movement, in which she took an active part, into a discipleship of Gerrit Smith, a companionship with Mrs. Child and others, which not only quickened her intellectually, but opened a way into fields of spiritual freedom, which seemed unbounded by any dogmatic statement. With-

out connecting herself formally with the Unitarian denomination, she found herself more at home there than elsewhere, and yet the expression in such hymns as *The Love of God* and *The New Heaven* indicates more surely the direction of her thought, which was of a mystic self-effacement in the larger life of a spiritual reality outside of and beyond herself.

This change in her religious affiliation brought with it much that was distressing in the alienation of early friends and their disapproval of her course. She was, in spite of her new relations, very much alone, and in the gently humorous and pathetic *Epitaph on an Old Maid*, she gave expression to the sort of regard she had for herself as she stood a little off in poetic mood, and smiled through her tears at her own detachment.

During these years she impressed herself strongly on her friends by her eagerness of nature which seemed never to find full vent of expression ; she was restless, though not in the least morbid, for there was a singleness of purpose in her dominant religiousness, which was directed

not toward herself, but toward truth. The unselfishness which was so evident in all her life was in nothing more noticeable than in her freedom from the error of marking progress by the effect upon herself. In ordinary matters she lost herself in her friends ; in the great things of the spirit she lost herself in God, and the two poems, *Truth* and *The Quest*, record this temper ; had she died at this time, her verses *Out of the Shadow* would perfectly have reflected her most intimate thought of herself.

Thus when she came to hear and to know Phillips Brooks, the largeness and the objective character of the message which he had to deliver at once seized upon her imagination. Here was a prophet who could interpret for her the things of God, and the spirit which had been thrusting itself in this direction gladly, impetuously indeed, laid hold of this human help. But Phillips Brooks spoke from the vantage ground of a church which stood for worship, and worship which gathered the aspirations and prayers of generations of seekers after God ; so that when

the new hearer was drawn also into the use of the immemorial services of the Church she found more adequate expression than she had ever known in the field of her greatest endeavor. Her *Lines for Music* and her *Vesper Hymn* both breathe the air of divine content.

It was touching to those who had followed her thought during all her pilgrimage of the spirit to mark the satisfaction with which she now turned to all that the Church gave her. Her love for her kinsfolk and friends deepened as her love for the Elder Brother and Friend, always made the centre of the Church's sacrifice, found fuller and richer expression. Homeless, though cheerful in the midst of her constant flittings, she now found a grateful shelter in the Church and its work. Wherever she went, this was the home to which her feet turned, and, with a sense of nearness to the heart of Church life, she became an associate of the Sisterhood of S. Margaret. From time to time she essayed now to put into words the strong emotion which the worship of the Church called forth. She drew long breaths of

satisfaction and yet of unceasing aspiration. All her love of beauty in color and form, all her delight in almost inarticulate spiritual brooding had a healthy deliverance, and soon she became as jealous for the honor of her Church as for that of her dearest friends.

It would be leaving this mere outline of Miss Scudder's religious experience very incomplete if I did not add what *The Morning Watch* strongly intimates, that after she came into the Church there was a very decided change in her intellectual conception of religious truth. Thenceforward there was a deepening of her apprehension of the Incarnation, and she found in the eucharistic sacrifice such an absolute symbol of her faith as made all worship to converge in it. At last it would seem as if the beating of the wings of her spiritual imagination, which had borne her through many flights, ceased in a still poise before this one ultimate image of God in life. The attitude which she took carried with it certain logical consequences in the authority of the Church, and she did not shrink from these,

but accepted them joyfully, saddened only by the loneliness which followed as one or another of her friends failed her here.

Her life had been one of much privation as regards health and fixed conditions, but she retained to the last an unappeasable hunger and thirst for intellectual food, and her companionship was a tonic, so invigorating was her spontaneous thought. She was the most cheerful of sufferers, and her sympathy with those in any way similarly disturbed was without a particle of reflex action. She had a genius for friendship and bestowed her tender regard with such happy humor as made intercourse with her an unfailing refreshment. Two or three fragments of letters from her to a friend, who needed her sympathy, have come in my way, and I venture to add them here as illustrative of the gifts she gave so readily.

"I fear this weather hardly admits of your gaining strength, and I am afraid that my last visit may have been a positive injury to you, physically. But I cherish the vision of your face, in the darkened room, as you spoke of the

happiness that had been given you in the loneliness, and it is a joy to have seen you for even so short a time if only it has not harmed you. 'Lead us forth in the way of life which is the way of Thy cross.' That *is* contains the gist of a very blessed lesson but hard to learn. I suspect that the conflict between the spiritual and the earthly mind, as set forth by S. Paul, is nowhere more obvious than in this very thing — the different estimate of the cross, the sensitive part of us always tending to regard suffering as a thing to be avoided, and the eye of the soul getting very gradually opened enough to see that defeat, disaster, failure, are just the most precious gifts that can be given, not indeed inevitably, but yet surely to those who are taught how to receive them. In a time of tribulation (more expected than present at the time) last year, it came to me that there were seven reasons (do not all best things go in threes and sevens?) why I should be very patient and even thankful if the threatened trouble came. I am sorry that I could not then write them all out, as such things never stay in their first power,

but will try some time to do so, and then give them two or three at a time, perhaps, to you."

"*The Nook*, Tuesday P. M. So have I named one favorite haunt, to which I have brought my writing, for it is too lovely a day to write to you in the house, when I can have all 'out-of-doors' for my talk with you. So here I am in one of the upright wooden chairs which have been bestowed upon us, with my feet on a mossy stone, the pine trees overarching me, and spreading their broad arms around the ferns fringing the carpet of pine needles: some little birds and squirrels chipping near me; the sun pouring in; the soft wind breathing around and making the music among the leaves that sounds like the far-off swell of the sea. Such common elements and yet so full of charm and rest for soul and body! I like this place more and more. Yesterday we found such a walk! a mile or more through a deep and yet cheery wood, with all lovely green things growing beneath our feet. I longed to get some of them to you, but quite incidentally have heard that you have some of the same sort from

Shelburne. There is a bird (a wood-thrush, I think,) which I never fail to hear in such lonely places, which always reminds me of a verse in one of Carlyle's translations : —

' Alone in wood so gay
Oh ! I do love to stay !
To-morrow like to-day,
Forever and aye.
Oh ! I do love to stay
Alone in the wood so gay !'

That is very sweet — for the bird, I think, but for us? If the sunshine were not the smile of our Father, if the wind were not the breath of the Spirit, how cold, how mute it would all be ! This came home very strongly as I sate alone just outside the wood yesterday while my friends went on to explore farther. It was so lonely, or would have been but for the sense of the great Presence, the immanence, in the natural beauty, of the unutterable Perfectness."

" Monday — precise hour of no consequence. . . . I am happy here in the friends and the country, and I want to tell you that I am much

more at rest about the Church and Diocese. I do think that a conflict is impending, and that no one can guess what will be the result. But I have come to see in the election of P. B. to be our Bishop, an indication of a great movement, one of those waves of popular feeling which rise from the ground swell somewhere in the depths of our common nature, and are controlled by a Divine purpose. 'The Lord on high is mightier than the sound of many waters.' We need not fear to leave the Church to that guidance. What I do fear for myself is that through spiritual obtuseness I may fail to see whither we are to be led. But I surely wish to be pliant to the teaching of events and to lay aside any prepossessions which may keep me from following whatever new and clearer light may be given."

"Day before Christmas, noon. One or two thoughts came in the night, old and oft repeated, and yet coming with new power, of the Christ-child coming in humility, in purity, in love. This is the ideal childhood of which one sees only glimpses (yet sometimes such lovely

glimpses !) in the children around us. The first, as manifested in the condescension of the Incarnation, is too overwhelming to be dwelt upon :—

‘No angel in the sky
Can wholly bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.’

The second, like Alpine snows, is too dazzling for our dimmed sight. But how refreshing it is as seen in the comparative stainlessness of even the little children whom we know. The third let us for once call ‘affectionateness.’ That is sometimes so surprising and touching in its spontaneous outflow from the child’s heart. A mere baby will take so strangely to relatives seen for the first time, and even to a stranger who has a heart of love for children. And now think for a moment what all these must be in their perfection, and then where is the limit to our adoration, our wonder, our contrition, save, alas ! in our own terrible incapacity ? ‘Ah, no more : thou break’st my heart.’ And then, think of being infolded in

that Life, renewed by that indwelling Grace, until changed into that image ! With this hope before us, can it make much difference what the outward life is, save as it helps toward the great consummation ? May you be helped to bear all the blessedness of Christmas morning, without entire failure of physical strength."

The last few years of Miss Scudder's life saw her compelled to move north and south as the seasons succeeded each other, and to be separated frequently from her beloved sister. But there came an hour when the separation ended. On Sunday, 27 September, 1896, Mrs. Andrews died after a very brief illness, in Weston, Massachusetts. Her sister Eliza left the house where she lay and returned to her cousin's, near by. It was but a few hours only before she also suddenly, and without the pain of taking leave of those dear to her, rejoined her sister. They were buried side by side in the quiet graveyard at Weston.

H. E. S.

THE LABURNUM

*This young tree's drooping flowers, lovely and fair
And bright as colored by the sun's own glow,
Meseem, beloved, like the golden hair
That round thy temples gracefully doth flow ;
And, while I at my window sat yestreen,
Through the close-mingling branches of the trees
One only of the blossoms bright was seen
Joyously waving in the summer breeze.
And then I thought how thou hadst been to me,
Even as this flower, the only bright fair thing
Which 'mid surrounding shades mine eye could see,
While through dark years I have been journeying
All lonely but for thee. Heaven help my heart
When the flower withers and thy steps depart.*

1845.

HYMNS AND SONNETS

TO A YOUNG CHILD

As doth his heart who travels far from home
Leap up whenever he by chance doth see
One from his mother-country lately come,
Friend from my home — thus do I welcome thee.
Thou art so late arrived that I the tale
Of thy high lineage on thy brow can trace,
And almost feel the breath of that soft gale
That wafted thee unto this desert place,
And half can hear those ravishing sounds that
 flowed
From out Heaven's gate when it was oped for
 thee,

That thou awhile mightst leave thy bright abode
Amid these lone and desolate tracks to be
A homesick, weary wanderer, and then
Return unto thy native land again.

1846.

THE LOVE OF GOD

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea !
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee !

THE NEW HEAVEN

LET whosoever will, inquire
Of spirit, or of seer,
To shape unto the heart's desire
The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to Thee
Than to these fancies fond,
And wait, till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of Thine Eden-land
The forms and hues to know, —
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow ;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind,
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

Oh joy! to hear with sense new born
The angels' greeting strains,
And sweet to see the first fair morn
Gild the celestial plains.

But sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with Thee alone.

In Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend ;

Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing friend !

And wherefore should I seek above
Thy city in the sky ?
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie ;

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is Heaven.
1855.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID

REST, gentle traveller ! on life's toilsome way
Pause here awhile — yet o'er this slumbering clay
No weeping, but a joyful tribute pay.

For this green nook, by sun and showers made
warm,
Gives welcome rest to an o'er-wearied form
Whose mortal life knew many a wintry storm.

Yet, ere the spirit gained a full release
From earth, she had attained that land of peace
Where seldom clouds obscure, and tempests cease.

No chosen spot of ground she called her
own ;

In pilgrim guise on earth she wandered on,
Yet alway in her path some flowers were
strewn.

No dear ones were her own peculiar care,
So was her bounty free as Heaven's air,
For every claim she had enough to spare.

And loving more her heart to give than lend,
Though oft deceived in many a trusted friend,
She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end.

She had her joys : 't was joy to live, to love,
To labor in the world with God above,
And tender hearts that ever near did move.

10 *EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID*

She had her griefs ; but why recount them here, —
The heart-sick lonesome, the on-looking fear,
The days of desolation, dark and drear, —

Since every agony left peace behind,
And healing came on every stormy wind,
And still with silver every cloud was lined,

And every loss sublimed some low desire,
And every sorrow taught her to aspire,
Till waiting angels bade her "go up higher."

SUMMER DEPARTING

SHE will not linger ; all in vain thy calling
On the sweet summer ; fair her reign, but brief ;
Seest thou not even now her ripe fruit falling,
And here and there one warning yellow leaf ?
How hath she blessed us ! now let her depart
To gladden other skies, and mourn her not.
Nothing of her but liveth in the heart ;
Her grace remaineth, though she seems forgot ;
The freshness that hath cheered thy morning
hours,
The sunset glory that hath lit thine eye,
The night wind's voice, the sweet perfume of
flowers,

Have passed into thy life, no more to die,
And shall be raised again, in that last day,
When thy first earth and heaven have fled away.

THE DREAMER

I KNOW I dream ; these are no earthly bowers
Wherein the enraptured fancy roams at will.
This warmth, this light, this sunshine and these
 showers
Might ne'er be known to waking sense and skill.
I know I dream — full soon will come the mor-
 row,
With its cold vapors and its leaden sky ;
Yet from these dreamings, hope some hues may
 borrow
To show how fair the lovelier land on high.
I know I dream — but prythee do not wake me,
Let wilful nature have awhile her way ;

Nor will I mourn when these bright hues forsake
me,
And melt into the light of common day,
Since to the trusting soul the faith is given
That this life's dreams shall prove the truths of
heaven.

TRUTH

THOU long disowned, reviled, opprest,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our heart to find.

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin !
Hail, Truth Divine ! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire,
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of Thy glance

Let old oppressions die !

Before Thy cloudless countenance

Let fear and falsehood fly !

Anoint our eyes with healing grace

To see as ne'er before

Our Father, in our brother's face,

Our Master, in His poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day !

Convince, subdue, enthrall !

Then to a mightier yield Thy sway,

And Love be all in all !

January, 1860.

THE QUEST

"Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall
I flee from Thy presence?"

I CANNOT find Thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost
 dwell;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee! E'en when most adoring
Before Thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought up-
 soaring
From farthest quest comes back; Thou art not
 there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God, Thou
art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is
guiding,
And I must rest at last, in Thee, my home.

IN WAR TIME — 1863

WHY wilt thou ask, O doubting friend,
Where are the poets of these days?
Not yet is found a voice to blend
Our wail of woe, our psalm of praise.

Some laurel leaves of graceful rhyme
Wreath here and there some victor's brow,
But the great poems for this time
Cannot be written — oh, not now !

Not now, while hand and heart and brain
For deeds of sternest toil are strung,

And precious life-blood drops like rain,
Can half our pride or grief be sung.

When the young Bayard of our race
Fell fighting with his dusky throng,
Close clasped for aye in death's embrace,
O friend ! was this a time for song ?

We weep and watch, we work and pray ;
We hail the dawn that far exceeds
The noontide of our peaceful day ;
But all our utterance is in deeds.

But wait till out of pain and strife
Our new and nobler peace is born ;
Wait till the nation's coming life
Moves radiant through the gates of morn.

Then where the share was deepest driven
 Shall glow the autumn's choicest store ;
And where the billows swelled to heaven
 Seek ocean's treasures on the shore.

Then look and listen ! then when Art
 To perfect shape shall freely grow,
And forms of grace instinctive start,
 The marble breathe, the canvas glow.

And then, in that accepted hour,
 On waves of mingling melody
Shall rise our song of praise and power,
 The choral anthem of the free !

TO G. S.

Or all the days that gild the gladsome year,
Not the first freshness of the vernal time,
Nor the refulgent pomp of summer's prime
Giveth to me such warm and heartfelt cheer
As the sweet season that brings in the morn
With roseate flush tempered with golden haze,
And fabled splendors of the Orient lays,
On glowing woods and fields of ripened corn ;
How like a life by purest goodness filled ;
Its wise deeds as the ripe and garnered fruit ;
Its wild hopes chastened, and its tumults stilled
In air serene of thought entranced and mute.
O friend ! this hand in flattery unskilled
For thee alone thus strikes this wandering lute.

October, 1866.

NO MORE SEA

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee?
What time our souls, to Thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and
failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave;

When its wild billows with their mad commotion
Would sweep us down — then only Thou canst
save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted,
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
On whose bleak shore arriving lone, benighted,
We fall and lose ourselves at last — in Thee.

Yea ! in Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall ;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us
all.

August, 1870.

TO L. M. C.

THE hastening year brings round once more, dear
friend,

This welcome day which to the earth did lend
Such grace as sent you here awhile to live ;
Wherefore due thanks I ever duly give,
Knowing too well what stores of ripened thought,
What works of love, in shapely order wrought,
What inspiration waiting hearts to fill,
What bright designs, traced out with patient
skill,

What converse sweet, what counsel wise and
clear,

The world and I had missed, without you here.
Dear friend, be happy ! Be the lengthened way

Transfigured in the retrospect to-day !
Sunk out of sight, its vales of pain and grief,
Its radiant heights stand forth in clear relief,
And all the brightness of the past be thrown
Forward, to where Love waits to claim his own.
February, 1871.

WHOM BUT THEE

FROM past regret and present faithlessness,
From the deep shadow of foreseen distress,
And from the nameless weariness that grows
As life's long day seems wearing to its close ;

Thou Life within my life, than self more near !
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear !
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see Thy light arise ;
Above the highest heavens Thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies !
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How shall I call Thee who art always here,
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear,
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast
given,
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven ?
August, 1871.

IN MEMORIAM F. D. B.

December 4, 1871

To pass through life beloved as few are loved,
To prove the joys of earth as few have proved,
And still to keep the soul's white robe unstained,
Such is the victory that thou hast gained.

How few, like thine, the pilgrim feet that come
Unworn, unwounded to the heavenly home !
Yet He who guides in sorrow's sorest need
As well by pleasant paths His own may lead.

And Love, that guards where wintry tempests
beat,
To thee was shelter from the summer heat.

What need for grief to blight or cares annoy
The heart whose God was her exceeding joy?

And so that radiant path, all sweet and pure,
Found fitting close in perfect peace secure ;
No haste to go, no anxious wish to stay,
No childish terror of the untried way.

But wrapped in trance of holy thought and
prayer,
Yet full of human tenderness and care,
Undimmed its lustre and unchilled its love,
Thy spirit passed to cloudless light above.

In the far North, where over frosts and gloom
The midnight skies with rosy brightness bloom,
There comes in all the year one day complete,
Wherein the sunset and the sunrise meet.

So in the region of thy fearless faith,
No hour of darkness marked the approach of
death,

But ere the evening splendor was withdrawn,
Fair flushed the light along the hills of dawn.

OUT OF THE SHADOW

"Rejoice ye, and be glad with her, all ye that love her :
rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her." — ISA.
lxvi. 10.

GENTLE friends who gather here,
Drop no unavailing tear,
With no gloom surround this bier.

Bid this weary frame opprest,
Welcome to its longed-for rest
On the fair earth's sheltering breast.

And the spirit freed from clay,
Give glad leave to soar away,
Singing, to the eternal day.

When this sentient life began,
Love of nature, love of man
Through its kindling pulses ran ;

Eagerly these eyes looked forth
Questioning the teeming earth
For its stores of truth and worth.

Head and heart with schemes were rife,
Longing for some noble strife,
Planning for some perfect life ;

But the Father's love decreed
Other work and other meed,
And by ways unsought did lead ;

Turned aside the outstretched hand,
Bade the feet inactive stand,
Checked the work that thought had planned ;

And on eyes that loved to gaze
Upon light's intensest rays
Dropped a veil of gentle haze.

How the musing spirit burned !
How the wilful nature yearned,
And its sacred limits spurned !

Known, O Father, unto Thee,
All the long captivity
Of the soul, at last set free ;

And how hard it was to see
Thy great harvests silently
Whitening upon land and lea ;

And to watch the reapers' throng,
Filling all the vales with song,
As they bore their sheaves along.

And to Thee, O pitying God,
Known Thy grace that overflowed
All that still and sacred road,

Where Thy patience brought relief
Following in Thy path of grief,
Thou of suffering souls the chief !

Yet, since Thou hast stooped to say,
"Cast that outworn robe away,
Come and rest with me to-day, —

"Come to larger life and power,
Come to strength renewed each hour,
Come to truth's unfailing dower ;"—

To the dear ones gathered here
Make Thy loving purpose clear,
And Thy light shine round this bier.

LINES FOR MUSIC

As the lost who vainly wander,
As the blind who widely roam,
Vexed with doubt, our spirits ponder
Till we come to Thee, — our home.

As the mother fond watch keepeth,
As the shepherd knows his sheep,
So Thine eye that never sleepeth
All Thine own in sight doth keep.

As the wave is lost in ocean,
As the day-star melts in light,
Draw to Thee each wavering motion,
Thou whose coming ends our night.

February, 1873.

VESPER HYMN

THE day is done ; the weary day of thought and
toil is past,

Soft falls the twilight cool and gray, on the tired
earth at last :

By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends
opprest,

In Thee alone the soul, outworn, refreshment
finds and rest.

Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'er-
arching skies,

And to Thy firmament of love lift up these long-
ing eyes ;

And folded by Thy sheltering Hand, in refuge
still and deep,

Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop
the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed, the soul once more puts on
new life and power ;

Oh let Thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first
waking hour.

Let that dear Presence rise and glow, fairer than
morn's first ray,

And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of
the day.

So in the hastening evening, so in the coming
morn,

When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher
life be born,

Shine out, true Light ! to guide my way amid that
deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-
spring to illume.

I cannot dread the darkness, where Thou wilt
watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise, unless Thy smile
I see ;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter ! on Thee my soul is
cast ;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou
my First and Last.

October, 1874.

COLLECT FOR ASCENSION DAY

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens ; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

THOU hast gone up again,

Thou, who didst first come down,

Thou hast gone up to reign,

Gone up, from Cross to Crown.

Beyond the opening sky

No more Thy face we see ;

Yet draw our souls on high,

That we may dwell with Thee.

Up to those regions blest,
Where faith has fullest sway,
Up to Thine endless rest,
Up to Thy cloudless day,

Up to that glowing life,
Up to that perfect peace,
Unvexed by doubt or strife,
Where care and conflict cease,

Up, up to where Thou art,
Fount of unwasting Love,
Up to that mighty Heart,
All its great power to prove.

Not now for distant heaven
Or future life we pray,

Lord, let Thy grace be given
To make us Thine to-day.

Here, hold us in Thy hand,
Here, by Thy spirit guide,
So shall our hearts ascend,
And still with Thee abide.

May 14, 1874.

**COLLECT FOR SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
EPIPHANY**

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things
in heaven and earth; mercifully hear the supplications of
thy people, and grant us thy peace all the days of our life;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**GRANT us Thy peace, down from Thy presence
falling**

**As on the thirsty earth cool night-dews sweet,
Grant us Thy peace, to Thy pure paths recalling,
From devious ways, our worn and wandering
feet.**

**Grant us Thy peace, through winning and through
losing,
Through gloom and gladness of our pilgrim
way,**

44 *SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY*

**Grant us Thy peace, safe in Thy love's enclosing,
Thou, who all things in heaven and earth dost
sway.**

**Give us Thy peace, not as the world has given
In momentary rays that fitful gleamed,
But calm, deep, sure, the peace of spirits shriven,
Of hearts surrendered and of souls redeemed.**

**Grant us Thy peace, that like a deepening river
Swells ever outward to a sea of praise.
O Thou, of peace the only Lord and Giver,
Grant us Thy peace, O Saviour, all our days !**

THANKSGIVING

"We bless Thee . . . for the means of grace and for the hope of glory."

For the rapt stillness of the place
Where sacred song and ordered prayer
Wait the unveiling of Thy face,
And seek Thy angels' joys to share;

For souls won o'er to truth and right,
For wisdom dropping as the dew,
For Thy great WORD in lines of light,
Made visible to mortal view;

For gladness of the summer morning,
For fair faint twilight's lingering ray,

For forest's and for field's adorning,
And the wild ocean's ceaseless play ;

For flowers unsought, in desert places
Flashing enchantment on the sight ;
For radiance on familiar faces
As they passed upward into light ;

For blessings of the fruitful season,
For work and rest, for friends and home,
For the great gifts of thought and reason, —
To praise and bless Thee, Lord, we come.

Yes, and for weeping and for wailing,
For bitter hail and blighting frost,

For high hopes on the low earth trailing,
For sweet joys missed, for pure aims crost ;

For lonely toil and tribulation,
And e'en for hidings of Thy face, —
For these Thy heralds of salvation,
Thy means and messengers of grace.

With joy supreme, with faith unbroken,
With worship passing thought or speech,
Of Thy dear love we hail each token,
And give Thee humble thanks for each.

For o'er our struggling and our sighing,
Now quenched in mist, now glimmering far

Above our living and our dying,
Hangs high in Heaven one beckoning star.

And when we gather up the story
Of all Thy mercies flowing free,
Crown of them all, that hope of glory,
Of growing ever nearer Thee.

THE WILD ROSE

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

(V. D. S.)

FAIR are the flowers the tardy Spring,
At last fulfilling all our hope
With largess late, is wont to fling
Along our Northern slope.

For us the cowslip sheds its gold ;
For us the May-flower breathes perfume ;
And in our meadows, low and cold,
White violets bloom.

But some resplendent morn of June,
When sunbeams thrill with fervid power,

And sea-waves chant a murmurous rune,
Come, see our perfect flower.

From sunset skies of molten red
Her deeply glowing hues were wrought;
From pearly shell in ocean's bed
Her paler tints were caught.

Her tender greenery gently fills
With graceful, softened shape
The outline of the rugged hills
All round our Cape.

She flashes in the deepest wood;
We trace her by the brooklet's edge;
But most where billows harsh and rude
Beat on the cruel ledge.

Her dauntless smile we love to greet :

Life's central radiance through her flows ;

Her fragrance makes the east wind sweet —

Our beautiful Wild Rose.

So, to our Duty's sober days,

By salt waves lapped, by sharp crags torn —

So, to our sombre shaded ways,

Set round by brake and thorn —

In modest pride of gracious youth,

With heart of love, with soul serene,

With dewy purity and truth,

She comes, our Eglantine.

THE MORNING WATCH

ALONG the horizon's utmost line
Behold a presage and a sign !
Dull heavy night-clouds roll away :
The east is flecked with shimmering gray ;
Then glows afar a rosy mist
That melts in purest amethyst ;
Then crimson-tipped the billows run,
And lo ! the advent of the sun.

Where stands God's Altar, duteous feet
Hasten to Him Who comes to greet
As evermore His two or three.
O wondrous thought ! Can this be He
Who walked the waves, Who calmed the sea,

And still above its rush and roar,
Sitteth a King forevermore?

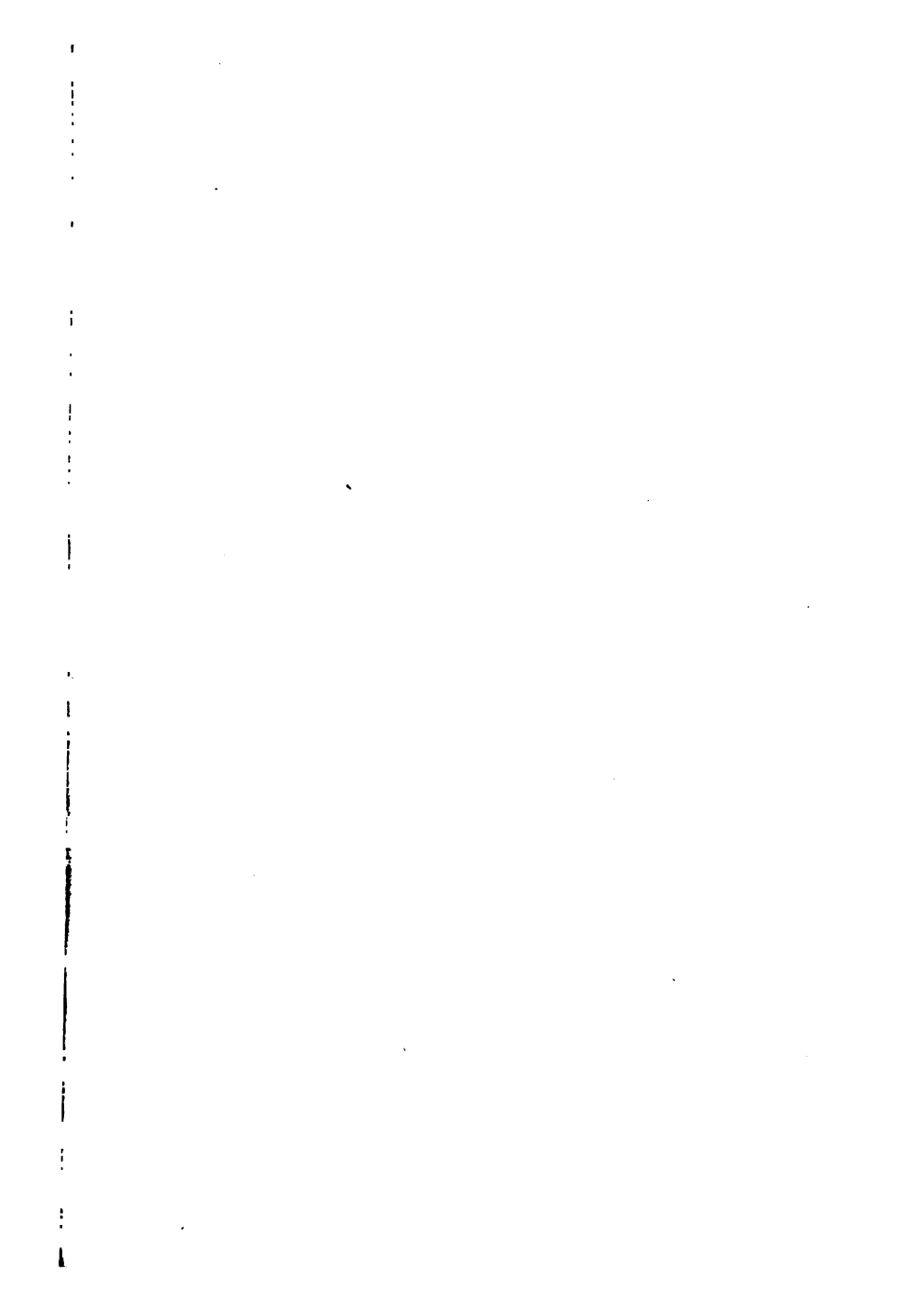
Behold He cometh! round His Feet,
Like pearly clouds of incense sweet,
Float words of prayer and songs of praise —
The offering trembling hearts may raise.
Above the restless, tossing sea
Of Life, that moaneth wearily,
Above our sins, our wants, our woes,
Out from the Heaven of His repose,

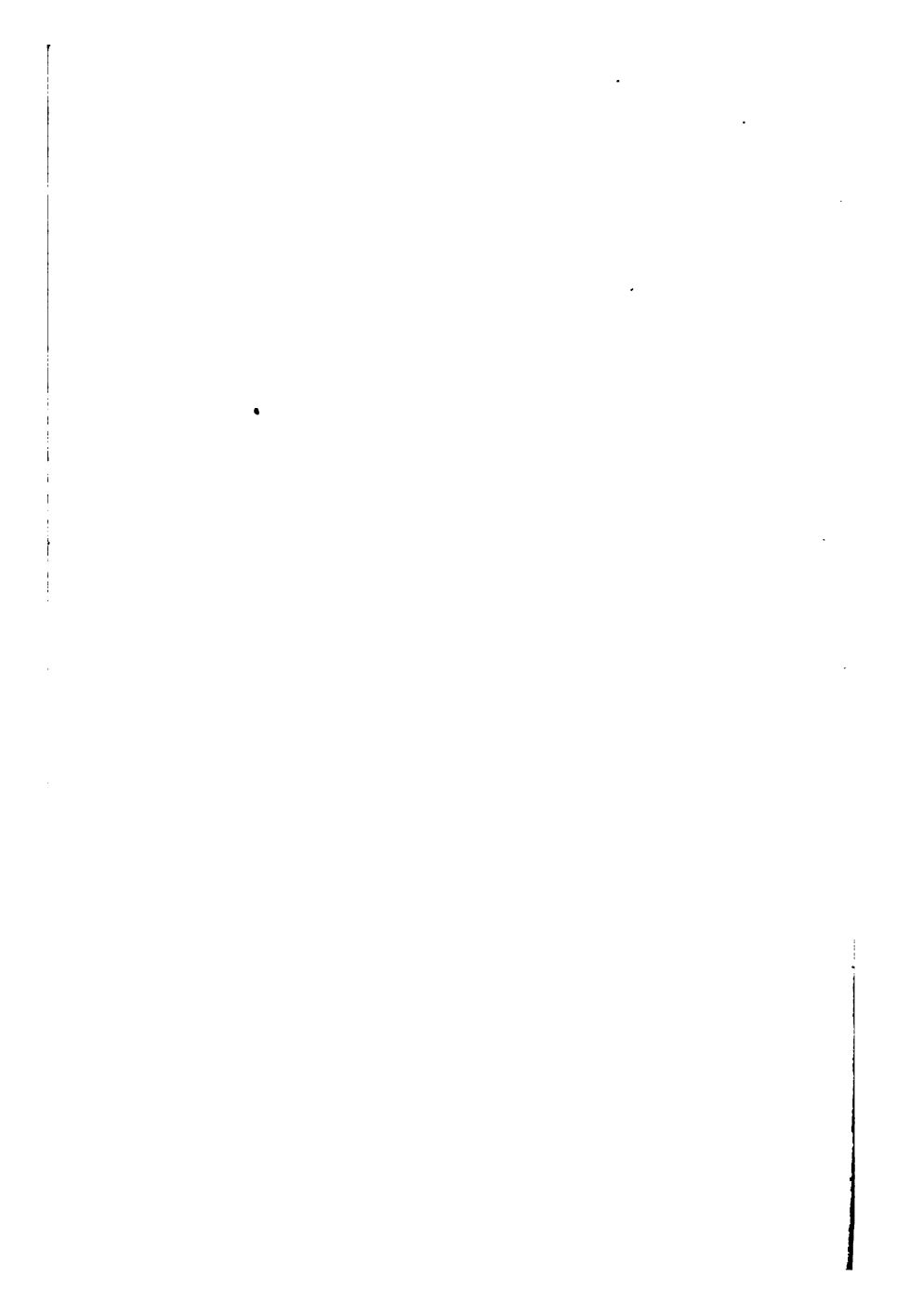
His Presence shines. O Host Divine!
In glow of sacrificial Wine
From Mercy's deeps for us outpoured,
Lighten our eyes to know our Lord!
Guide of the lost, Star of the Sea,

Call home these straying hearts to Thee,
And let us praise Thee as is meet,
And our most bounden duty sweet,

Until the Morning Watch is o'er,
And on the far Eternal Shore
Dawns the New Day that sets no more.

Atlantic City, February 2, 1894.







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